

MARVEL

MARK MILLAR & TOMMY LEE EDWARDS

1985

4
OF 6

399¢
US
SEP



RATED T+



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\$3.99 US \$4.05 CAN

DIRECT EDITION



MILLAR 1985 EDWARDS

SMALL-TOWN MUTIE

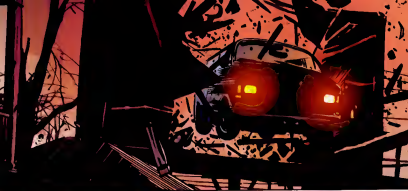
PREVIOUSLY: EVERYTHING TOBY KNOWS ABOUT THE WORLD, HE LEARNED FROM MARVEL COMICS. SO WHEN MARVEL SUPER-VILLAINS MOVE INTO THE OLD WYNCHAM HOUSE, TOBY IS THE FIRST ONE TO RECOGNIZE THE DANGER! AS THE VILLAINS BEGIN THEIR ATTACK, THE AUTHORITIES TRY TO HOLD BACK THEIR RAMPAGE WHILE THE LIZARD GOES AFTER TOBY AND HIS DAD...



TOBY!
LOOK
OUT!









YOU
THINK
THOSE
LITTLE
LEGS
CAN
OUTRUN
ME?

TOBY?



AND NOW HERE'S
A FASCINATING
SITUATION. A
PARENT FORCED
TO DEFEND HIS
CHILD FROM ONE
OF THEIR TRIBAL
PREDATORS.

ONE CAN ONLY
SPECULATE
HOW OFTEN THIS
OCCURS IN NATURE,
BUT I SUSPECT
SUCH A SITUATION
IS A RARITY.



PLEASE
DON'T
HURT HIM.
PLEASE
DON'T
HURT MY
BOY.

CAN YOU
HEAR HIM,
TOBY?
CAN YOU
HEAR HOW
PATHETIC
THIS
MAN IS?

WHEN
THE
SERPENT
THREATENED
MY SON, I'VE
DEFENDED
HIM WITH
TOOTH AND
CLAW. BUT LOOK
AT THIS
BAG OF FLESH.
I SUSPECT
HE'S GOING
TO WET
HIMSELF.





DAD!
FOR
GOD'S
SAKE.

WHAT
ARE YOU
WAITING
FOR?

Cut the alpha males.
The big, tough army
guys who were
tent down here to
HANDLE all this.



ZIP

ZIP

ZIP ZIP



OMIGOD!

It wasn't DAD'S
fault he freaked
out.

It's not
that he was
WEAK.



SHOOT
TO
KILL!

I understand now
that he just didn't
BELONG in this
world.

THE WYNCHAM
HOUSE, 1964

CLYDE
WYNCHAM:
WHAT THE
HECK IS
GOING ON?
BOY? WHAT
ARE ALL
THESE
PEOPLE DOING
OUTSIDE OUR
HOUSE?

I
DUNNO,
MOMMA.
I
SWEAR!

IS THIS YOUR
DAD, JERRY
GOODMAN?
I MIGHT A
KNOWN YOU'D
BE BEHIND THIS
SICKNESS.

WHAT?

ONE DON'T
PLAY GAMES
WITH ME, YOU
LITTLE FREAK.
I HEARD THE
CONVERSATIONS
YOU BOYS HAVE
BEEN HAVING.
I KNOW WHAT
YOU CAN DO
WITH YOUR
MIND.

MRS.
WYNCHAM,
PLEASE...



I TOLD
YOU NOT TO
HANG AROUND
WITH THIS ODD-
BALL, CLYDE! HE'S
HYPNOTIZED
THOSE
FOLK!



GOD IN
HEAVEN,
HE'S GOT
HALF THE
TOWN
SLEEP-
WALKIN'
OUT THERE!



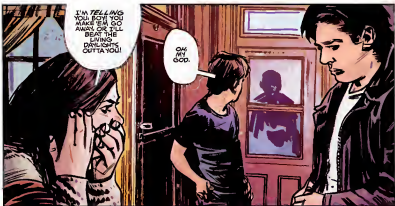
DUNT
DUNT
DUNT



MAKE 'EM
GO AWAY,
TERRY!
STOP BRINGIN'
STRANGERS
TO MY HOME!



DUNT
DUNT
DUNT













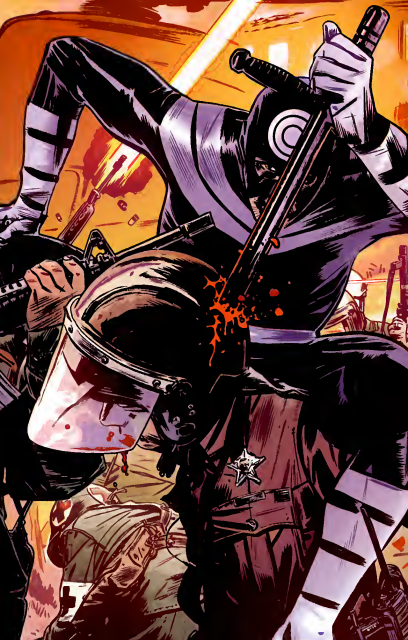
On Main Street, the Blob was eating every THING and every ONE he could get his chubby HANDS on.

The Morten-Men was burning people up inside their cars as Sauron pecked the eyeballs from the bodies that Michael Morbius had left behind.

The Hate-Monger, the WandaGo, the Mandarin, and the Abomination...



Large as life and twice as frightening. Doing what they were told and HURTING people.





It's my CERTAINTY
that makes me
laugh now.

That child-like logic
that whatever door-
way was letting them
through would lead me
to the Marvel heroes.



But who else
was going to
stop them.



YOU DON'T
UNDER-
STAND.
CREEL, I'VE
NEVER
ACTUALLY
DONE
THIS
BEFORE.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
DOING,
MELTER? WE
WERE TOLD
TO HEAD
INTO
TOWN.



PLEASE.

ALLOW
ME THE
MOMENT.



WOW!
I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU
WERE SUCH
A BAD-
ASS
MAN.



OH, I'M
NO MORE
IN CONTROL
OF MY
ACTIONS
THAN YOU
ARE! FLINT
WE ONLY
DO AS THE
MASTER
INSISTS.



It was now or never!
Poop or get off
the pot time...



That was it.
The eye of
the storm.

PRIVATE

The door between
the world I hated
and everything I'd
fantasized about
since I was five
years old.

I could hear
VOICES on the
other side.
People talking.
The wood vibrat-
ing with the
sound of subway
trains and
yellow-cab
drivers honking.



This was it...



The doorway
to the super
heroes.

MAN, I'M
NEVER LETTING
THE TEXAS
TORNADO CHOOSE
WHERE WE EAT
AGAIN. THOSE
REFRIED BEANS
WERE THE--



**FREEZE,
YOU
LITTLE
F@#%S!**



OH-MAN-
OH-MAN-
OH-MAN-
OH--

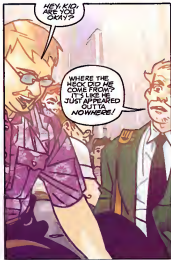




GUNS, IT'S
THE TRAPSTER!
SOMEONE'S
FOUND THE
DOOR AND
ESCAPED INTO
OUR WORLD.
DON'T WORRY!
I'M RIGHT
BEHIND
HIM!



MEANWHILE,
IN THE MARVEL
UNIVERSE...



HEY, KID,
ARE YOU
OKAY?

WHERE THE
HECK DID HE
COME FROM?
IT'S LIKE HE
JUST APPEARED
OUTTA
NOWHERE!



TO BE CONTINUED

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NEXT



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